

ing the trust all the time. The honor which New Orleans pays to his memory once a year, when all its school children march around the monument of the benefactor and almost bury it beneath the flowers and garlands they bring, because he asked for nothing but this in return for what he did for the schools, is a hollow, shameful mockery until the Commissioners of the McDonogh Fund see that the "all times and forever" use of the Bible which he provided for is actually made. The trust is violated as long as the Bible is kept out of the schools built with his money.

### A SABBATH IN LONDON.

It was with great reluctance that I left Edinburgh to journey towards London. Our first stop was at Melrose, an hour and a half south of Edinburgh. From there we drove to the house of Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, and to his grave at Dryburgh Abbey. We have spent no more interesting day in England. How real it makes Scott. We will always read him with more intense interest in the future. I spent a night at Durham and visited the beautiful old Cathedral early next morning. I recalled a little story of Sidney Smith, the witty canon of St. Paul's. He said that he was never quite sure of the doctrine of apostolic succession until he met the Bishop of Durham. Ever after that he was sure that the Bishop was a lineal successor of Judas Iscariot. So we see that is a doctrine that might work both ways. But I can not imagine which bishop that was, for it seems to me that Durham has had more great bishops than any other place in England. Butler, who wrote "The Analogy"; Lightfoot, who wrote such lucid and scholarly commentaries on the Pauline Epistles, and Westcott, who was such a great authority on the New Testament Text and Canon, were all Bishops of Durham. The venerable Bede about whom so many beautiful stories are told and of whom we learn in college or very soon after we get to seminary, is buried in the Cathedral at Durham. It seems that they dig him up occasionally to see if he is still there.

My next stop was at old York. Yorkminster is the largest cathedral in England. It covers two and a half acres. The stained glass in its windows would cover three-fourths of an acre. For a number of years it had the biggest bell in England, known as "Big Peter." It weighs about eleven tons. "Big Peter" has been supplanted by "Big Ben" at the House of Parliament, which weighs fourteen tons, and "Great Paul," in St. Paul's Cathedral, which weighs seventeen tons. These are the three great bells of England.

I was more interested in the living Archbishop of York than I was in any of their dead ones, which is rather unusual. We spend a great deal of our time in cemeteries over here. The present archbishop is the Rev. Dr. C. Gordon Lang, the son of a Presbyterian minister. He was a Presbyterian himself until he became a student at Oxford University. There the Anglican tide was too strong for him and he went over to the Church of England. The last two Archbishops of Canterbury were brought up Presbyterians and the same thing happened to them. Here is food for thought for our Presbyterian parents when they come to send their sons off to college. Archbishop Lang is a great spiritual power in the Church of Eng-

land. It is a pity that the Presbyterians lost him when they need him so much.

I have had greater respect for English trains since I spent four hours on the express from York to London. Before that their trains and methods of travel seemed archaic. But there is nothing archaic about that particular train. I doubt whether we have anything in America to equal it for speed or comfort.

The thing that strikes me most of all about London is its vastness. Many of us remember pleasantly Walker Crawley, the colored hack driver between Hampden-Sidney and Farmville. I believe he is dead now. He paid a visit to New York in my seminary days. I asked him to tell me what made the most impression on him of all the things he saw. He declined to tell and grew reserved. I pressed him. "Well," he said, in his stammering way, "the thing that kept coming to me over and over was how in the name of common sense the Lord keeps up with all them people." I can begin to understand his feelings since I came to London. There is no end to London, and there are people everywhere. If you will go to the center of London and draw a circle with a radius of twenty miles you will have in that circle more people than there are in the three States of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia combined. You will have one-sixth of all the people in the British Isles. "London contains more Irishmen than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, and more Jews than all Palestine." Not only does the city as a whole impress one with its vastness, but as he begins to study the individual parts of this great city he is overwhelmed with this same sense of vastness. Go into Westminster Abbey. There is no end to it. You could spend a lifetime studying that one building. Visit the House of Parliament just across from the Abbey and you will find painting and statuary and points of historical interest sufficient to occupy years of your time. A half day in St. Paul's Cathedral will have you feeling that you could devote your whole stay in London to that one place alone. Spend a morning in the Tower of London and you have been there only long enough to begin to comprehend its vastness. Give a day to the art galleries and you feel that it would take a lifetime to study and appreciate all that you have seen. Go to the Zoological and Botanical Gardens and you will wish that you could live near it the rest of your life. Spend a day in the British Museum, the most wonderful and most interesting place in London, and you will wish that you could live near it the rest of your life, so that you might be able in a lifetime to explore at least one little corner of it. It is the greatest storehouse of learning and information in the world.

So it is everywhere you go, this sense of vastness is ever with you until it becomes almost oppressive. But it is not of these things that I started out to write. Are they not all written down in guide books and encyclopedias? I intended to speak mainly of my own personal experiences and of my observations in London on a Sabbath day.

Taine, the Frenchman who has written such a brilliant history of English literature, has this to say about Sunday in London: "Sunday in London—the shops are shut, the streets almost deserted; the aspect is that of an immense and well ordered cemetery. The